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Boston, Jan. 7, 1841.

My dear George:

72 So! you have sold yourself out of house and home! Then "the world is all before you where to choose" another abode, as it was to Adam when he was expelled from Paradise. Now, your name is not Adam, but Benson — and Brooklyn is not Paradise, though it is certainly a very pleasant country town. You may shed "some natural tears," as our first parent did, (so Milton says,) at the thought of parting — but, never mind it — a thousand years hence, it will be a very trifling matter to us and to the world. I hope the seller and buyer of your estate have both traded to good advantage, and are both equally satisfied with the transfer. — Where do you intend to locate yourself? I say, you must come somewhere in this vicinity. Do you hear? What say you to a little social community among ourselves? Bro. Chace is ready for it; and I think we must be pretty bad folks if we cannot live together amicably within gunshot of each other. My Garrisonian battery shall not harm any of you, unless you new organize, go for a third party, or apologize for slavery. In that case, look out!

I had written the accompanying letters to you and James, to send them by mail; but as I found they would reach you only one day earlier than by the bundle, I concluded to defer their transmission. You write that bro. James has got rid of his fit of the blues, and

is now in good spirits. This is cheering intelligence. Doubtless, his bodily debility affects his mind, and at times makes life really burdensome. I wish he could be persuaded to take one or two Thompsonian courses; but, in case he should, he ought to be very careful not to take any cold afterward; otherwise, they would do him more harm than good. If he can make up his mind to remain with you until you break up, I shall be glad: after that time, he may return to me, and some other plan must be devised for him. It does not seem probable that he will again be able to go to sea as an able-bodied sailor; and it is certain that he cannot reside in or near Boston, without being in the way of temptation, which he will not be able to resist. If he could only be effectually cured of the love of strong drink, all would go well with him, and he might be safely trusted any where. Strange that when he has suffered so much from that accursed poison, he will still use it as often as opportunity presents itself. "O that men should put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains," and degrade their manners and morals! But James is now to be pitied, rather than blamed. He has been in a bad school, on board of a man-of-war, to learn sobriety, virtue, righteousness; and our surprise should be, that he is no worse than he is. He has many excellent and noble traits; and if he could summon manhood enough to overcome the sin that so easily besets him, he might yet be a blessing and an ornament to society.

In my other letter, I have urged you to be present at the annual meeting of our State Society toward the last of this month; and now that you have sold a portion of the estate, I hope you will not fail to come. Bro. Chace wants to see you very much; and you will have a good opportunity to see and consult with bro. May and other friends as to your future course. Do not fail, therefore, to come.

[By the Liberator of this week, you will see that Gerrit Smith still feels a friendly interest in the welfare and continuance of the Liberator, sends ten dollars in aid of it, and says that the abolitionists of the county will never allow the pioneer paper to go down. His letter will be a bitter pill to new organization and their partisan, and arrives at a most seasonable period, for our subscription list is daily becoming smaller. We have lost, since last January, nearly 500 subscribers, over and above all additions; besides cutting off two or three hundred delinquent subscribers. Several of those who have hitherto stood firmly by the paper, have ordered their subscriptions to be stopped. The Sabbath Convention has been more than they could tolerate; and to save the formal observance of the first day of the week, they are willing that slavery should be perpetuated. How we shall get along, I do not see; but "the Lord will provide."]

Please settle with Theodore for the butter, and I will pay you whatever balance may be due.

Your brother, Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

George W. Benson,

Brooklyn,

Connecticut.